

THE LILY.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

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THE LILY,

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For the Lily.
NATURE'S TEACHINGS.

BY E. K. B.

From its ever gushing fountain,
Came a streamlet down a mountain;
'Mong rocks and trees and flowers it roll'd,
And many a babbling tale it told:
Laughing, gurgling, on it went,
And little cared how time was spent;
Like thoughtless youth,
In jest or truth,
Will lavish heaven's favors lent.

And on, and on, the streamlet flew,
And as it deeper, broader grew,
Became a bright and wavy river;
Tuning anthems to its Giver.

This song of praise
Its waves did raise,
He liveth ever, changeth never,
Blessed be His name forever.

And on the river, broad and deep,
And deeper grows, toward ocean's sweep,
Where wave on mountain wave is toss'd
And voice of fount and stream are lost
Yet stream and fountain,
From the mountain.

Help to swell this mighty sea;
And join'd in one, fount, river, main,
The song of praise they sing again:
He liveth ever, changeth never,
Blessed be His name forever.

Fit lesson they, for youth and age,
From thoughtless child to studious sage;
They teach, while yet on earth a band—
Uniting work with heart and hand,
Like fount and river, stream and sea;
On one great mission bound, that we
Our voices raise
To hasten the days
When right shall triumph, wrong shall flee.

They teach, good deeds, at first tho' small
Will deeper, wider spread, till all
Be filled with goodness and with love,
As angels from the courts above:
They teach that we one band shall be
In our bright home—eternity;

Where the great song
Full sweet and long

Be heard o'er heaven, land and sea—
He liveth ever, changeth never,
Blessed be His name forever.

ORION, ILL.

Few receive truth simply because it is true

From Gleason's Pictorial.

THE FLOWER CURE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

The sewing dropped from Mrs. Lee's hands, and the delicate fingers were pressed nervously to the pale forehead—her eyes closed and an expression of intense agony passed over the beautiful features. A slight moan escaped her lips, and then resting her hands upon the workstand, she seemed endeavoring to forget herself in sleep. But sleep refused to seal her lids or steep her senses—sharp pains darted above the one, while the other were doubly sensitive. Leaving her rocker, she paced the room for a few moments, and then with a weary, languid motion threw herself upon a lounge, and buried her aching head in its cushions.

Every afternoon, for the previous fortnight, the same thing had occurred about the same hour. A dull, heavy, bewildering pain would first press like a leaden weight above her brows, and then would follow a succession of short, sharp, knife-like thrusts, so keen, so severe, so blinding, that it seemed with each one the poor suffering nerves must snap asunder with the exquisite torture. She would endeavor each time not to yield to it; she would retain her sewing and ply her needle, or else strive to busy herself with a book, but it would all be of no avail; she would finally have to lie down, bathe her head with camphor, apply her vinaigrette, and sometimes could only stifle the pain by a powerful opiate. If she succeeded in falling asleep, she would awake quite well and refreshed—but if, on the contrary, she only tossed wakefully over her couch, her head would continue to suffer until a late hour in the night.

This day the pain seemed more acute than before. Her whole brain throbbed like one painful pulse, and every beat of it sent a quiver of agony throughout her frame. Now her head would seem flying to pieces, and again, ere she could adjust a bandage, it would feel to her as if some mighty screw were with fiendish strength pressing it out of shape. Neither camphor nor laudanum seemed to alleviate in the least her distress, and so tremulous and nervous had she become that in the effort to count out her drops she let fall the phial and spilled them all.

"There is no way but to lie down and endure it now," she moaned, as she regained her resting place. "O, that there was some remedy. I wold that school hours were over—it seems as though Lillie's little soft hands would soothe me somewhat; at least, she could bathe my hot forehead; and then she pressed it in a half-frantic way, for a sharper twinge than any she had felt before darted through her head and circled her brows.

At this moment light dancing footsteps resounded merrily on the gravelled path, and a sweet, musical voice blended its beautiful notes with the songs of robins that went fluttering through bush and tree, making the balmy air as vocal with melody as it was golden with sunshine. A delicate touch was heard on the latch, and the door of the sitting room was gently opened, and one of those little fairy forms, of which earth is so plentiful, came stealing with a noiseless step over the carpet. She paused at a table long enough to place

upon it her sash and bonnet, and tossing back her long silken curls, she went quickly to the couch of the suffering woman, and kneeling beside it, pressed her little soft hands to the fevered brow, and as she imprinted sweet love-like kisses upon the pale with pain, the tears streamed down her cheeks, and she murmured:

"Poor mother, poor mother, Lily's sorry for you. Does it ache very hard?"

"Very hard, little daughter, and I'm so glad you have come."

"Have you bathed it with camphor, and smelled of your salts, and taken your drops?"

"The drops are all spilled, and the camphor and salts do me not the least good."

"I'm sorry the drops are lost, for the doctor is gone now, and I can't get any more. I don't see, mamma, but I shall have to cure you myself. I've thought of a way," and a glad, lovely smile lit up her fair face. "You'll let me, wont you, dear mother? for, as the old nurses say, if I don't do an' good, I shan't do any hurt."

And what will you do, iittle student?"

"Oh, I'll show you, mamma," and away she ran to the well, and returning with a basin of cool, sparkling water, she bathed the hot head, and then letting loose the long braids, laved them well, and combed them up afterwards in a loose sort o a knot.

"It don't look very pretty, just now, before I get through I'll cover it all and make you seem like a Queen of the May."

"Make me feel like one, Lillie, that's all mother wants."

"You shall feel and look like one, too, but," and he' laugh rang merry and free, "you must obey to the letter, as Dr. Mann says, your physician's prescriptions. Don't you feel some better?"

"A little," and her brows, as she spoke, were contracted with pain. Lillie kissed off the furrows, and then running up stairs, returned in a moment with a white cape, bonnet and parasol.

"Now sit up a little, mamma, and just let me tie this pretty sun hat over your new fashioned twists."

"But Lillie I cannot walk out; why, child I'm so weak I could hardly step to the door."

"I know it mamma, and that is the reason I want you to go. Come, just try a little, you may lean on my shoulder," and with kisses and fondling she at length won her mother to make an effort to walk. It was with great difficulty she went as far as the porch, but after sitting there a while in her low, easy rocker, which Lillie had drawn out on purpose to rest her, the faintness was gone from her heart and her head felt lighter, though it still ached severely.

"Now you feel able to walk, don't you mamma?" said the little physician, when a half-hour had passed. "The air is so fresh and the flowers are so plenty where I want you to go, I know you'll be well. Come, wont you, mamma?"

There was no resisting that sweet pleading voice—and, indeed, Mrs. Lee felt at the time no desire to enter again the close, darkened room, redolent only of camphor, hartshorn and laudanum. It was the first time for a fortnight she had looked out doors on an afternoon, and the beautiful picture, the rich, thrilling sounds and

the fragrant air stirred her heart as it were with a new, quick pulsation. It was one of those quiet, beautiful days that come to the earth like waifs wafted from Eden. The sky, almost cloudless, seemed but a blue dome, girdled with frieze of a snow-white hue, and resting on columns of an emerald tint. Like a shower of sunbeams fresh from the east, seemed the air, so golden the haze, so warm the light touch. A breeze from the south rustled in the green leaves of each arching tree, mottling with flakes of a gilded light the shadows they cast on the turf, and singing a low, lullaby tune to the little flowers that nodded beneath. The quivering sound of soaring wings would float, every moment or two through the track of the wind, and then would sway to and fro with the ringing notes of some warbler resting from flight.

"It is pleasant out doors," said the mother, as her eye once again scanned the fair landscape, "so pleasant that I'll try to go with you my dear."

"O, that's good, that's good," cried the child; "now I know you'll get well. Take hold of my hand," and she led her mother out of the gate and down the road a few rods till she came to some bars.

"Sit down there and rest while I take them down—and now walk through, and rest again till I put them up. Isn't it a nice pretty place for a walk?"

They were now in a grassy lane, bordered each side by tufts of the little pale-cheeked houstonia, and those beauteous stars of the springtime, the bright, golden dandelion.

"How pretty they are," exclaimed Mrs. Lee, as she gathered a cluster of each. "I've been so busy this spring that I hardly knew the flowers had bloomed, but the sight of these dear meadow friends makes me feel like a child once more."

"I have prettier ones yet—pray don't stop for these," said Lillie as she ran through the lane, climbed over a fence, and then danced down a side hill into a little nook of a valley, with a pebbled bed, over which rippled a clear, musical brook.

"Now step on to my bridge; it is high and dry, and come through this woods only a very few steps, and then you may sit down for good, and Lillie will perform her wonderful cure."

Mrs. Lee followed her fairy-like guide, for the step of the child was light as a bird's, and as she glided so fleetly through the green bushes the glimpse one caught of her showy dress and gold'en hair made it seem that a spirit rather than form was flitting before them.

"There mamma, there is a seat for my poor, sick patient," and Lillie pointed her to the mossy roots of an olden tree. "Was there ever a doctor more kindly disposed? Ah, I tell you mamma," and she shook her head archly and laughed out merrily, "the grounds of a headache asylum should be laid out with taste, and I understand all about it, you see."

It was indeed a sweet spot, so green and so flowery, with a foreground of lawn, stamped with dark, brilliant laurel, and a background of mountains, all crowned to the summit with trees.

Mrs. Lee was quite tired, and glad indeed to sit down, as Lillie had told her. She took off her bonnet, and as the cool breezes came rushing over the hills, fragrant with the perfume of blossom and leaf, it seemed to her that not only her heart but her soul drank in new life.

"Here is the doctor's first potion mamma, and isn't it pleasant to take?" and the child handed her mother a cluster of violets, bluer than ever were beautiful eyes, and sweet as a zephyr from heaven. "That is to be looked at, and smelled of, and pressed to your bosom; follow prescriptions implicitly, and I'll soon call again," and away she danced, the old woods ringing loud with her laughter and song.

There was something refreshing in the smell of the flowers, and Mrs. Lee's head soon forgot to think of the pain that still lingered, but took a peep through the aisles of the past, far back into the time of her own sunny childhood, when she danced off her pains and sung off her sorrows.

"I'll be once again the child I have dreamed of," she cried, as the loud, clear notes of a bird that had lit on a bough that hung over her head

broke her trance, "and I'll see if the cure will not come," and she glided away in a girl-like frolic from bush to tree and tree to flower, singing the while snatches of song and inhaling with every breath a fresh, life-giving air.

A sudden turn in the path she was treading brought her close to her child, who sat on the turf, her apron crowded with blossoms, and her little white fingers twining a wreath so blue and so golden that it seemed but a beautiful blending of sunbeam and sky.

"You mustn't, no, no, you mustn't come here—the doctor is busy preparing her dose; run away, run quick," and with light, joyous steps the mother obeyed, and regaining the old grassy spot, soon filled her own lap with flowers, and commenced weaving them into a queen-like girdle, that finished, she knotted some tassels, and then, with the laugh of a child, bound it around her own waist in the fashion of days that were gone.

"Too bad, too bad," cried Lillie, as she bounded up to her side; "the patient's been reading the doctor's books, and has half cured herself. Well, well, I'll forgive her this time, and only proceed to perfect the cure" and she twined the beautiful wreath above the fair brow of her mother; wound it over the knot of dark, rich hair, till it sat on her head like a sapphire crown—looped up the trapping sleeves with a cluster of flowers, and bound about each snowy arm a bracelet as golden and blue as the wreath for the head. Then leaping about her, laughing and singing a while, she at length drew near, and with a gravity comic and sweet, looked into the beautiful face and said, archly; "no cure, no pay—may I offer my bill?"

"I am all ready to settle; you have well-earned your pay. My head is quite well, and I feel more like myself than I have for a month before. Will my little physician name the amount?"

"Kisses to day, and kisses to-morrow, and kisses as long as I live, and a promise to call on the doctor again whenever the ache comes back," and the little red lips were pressed to the mother's.

"And now we must go on or the cure'll be undone," said the bright, young creature, and clasping the hand of the now brilliant woman, she led her away, over the brook and through the lane, and up the road and into the gate.

A fine looking man stood within the porch, and as they drew near held a hand out to each. "No headache to day, I guess, dear wife. Why, how handsome and well you look; you seem to have thrown off ten years of age since I left you at dinner. I should think you were Queen of May."

"More like the queen of a doctor's shop she looked, dear papa, when I came home from school, so pale and so drawn up with pain. But she's quite cured now, and you can give me the credit, for I've wonderful skill."

"Why, what have you done, little witch?" and he caught the fair child to his heart. "I shall want you to doctor me too."

"Why, you see, papa, I knew just how it was. Mumma sits there and sews from morning till night because she feels that she must, and she don't think she can stop to look at the sky, or hear the birds, or smell the flowers, and so her head gets tired and sets up an ache. It aches for some air, and it aches for some music, and, most of all, it aches for the flowers, because God w'ld never have made so many and such beautiful ones if he hadn't meant all the while folks sh'd look at and love them. People doctor with herbs and say they're first-rate—but I use the flowers, and I'll leave it to the patient I've cured if they're not the best. Don't you think so, mamma?"

"Yes, indeed, little Lillie. You have taught me a beautiful truth—and when again my over-tasked frame becomes weakened and sick, I'll think of my little physician, and try once again her pleasant FLOWER CURE."

CONNECTICUT.—The Maine Law went into operation in this State on the 1st of August, and its success thus far has been all that its most ardent friends could expect or desire. The Hartford *Courant* states that the sale of liquors is entirely stopped in that city. Drunkenness has disappeared in the streets and the police authorities were consequently left without anything to do

A Dream.

The following beautiful sentiment is contained in a private letter from a friend in New York:

* * * * * Although I may never see you again, I shall never forget the cause you advocate. As time rolls on I am more and more convinced of the blessings it seeks to secure, both for the present and future. I dreamed one night, Mrs. Bloomer, that you walked by my side, and as you walked you pointed to the horizon that was overhang with dark, murky clouds. I thought that the vapors which rose up to meet and mingle with those murky clouds, were composed of gases that rose from the distilleries. You saw this and led me on to a place which you said was a battle field. I waited, every moment expecting to hear the noise of the cannon, and the roll of the drum, but no sound reached my ears. At length after some time had passed, we had notice that the battle was over. I then looked into the field, but there were no slain there; all was silent, and the grass grew, unpressed by horse or rider. Thus, methought on awakening, will be the contest for the Right. No sound of booming cannon; no clash of steel-clad armor, nor instruments of slaughter, save the silent but powerful weapons of Truth; and with these God will give to the true, humble and faithful reformer, a glorious victory—a victory whose laurels are not dipped in human blood, but watered with the tears of the poor, friendless and oppressed; and it will gleam in the golden sunlight of love, while in its beautiful brightness mortals are made to rejoice, and angels to smile.

The Niles (Mich.) Republican furnishes an account of the destruction of a whiskey establishment at Berrien. It seems that James Green recently opened a grocery store in that village, and to complete his stock in trade, rolled in a barrel of whiskey and a quantity of bad brandy. The women of the place held a meeting, organized, and passed resolutions, selected their leaders and marched, with axes and hammers, to the grocery. Miss Peck read the resolutions to Mr. Green, and asked him what he would take for his whiskey. His reply was, \$100. This they refused to give, but would give him a fair price for it. The leaders then took possession of the whiskey barrel, rolled it out, cut off the hoops, and the earth drank it. Green seized one or two jugs and left. The women numbered 41, girls 8, and comprised nearly all in town. They gave Green notice that if he persisted in selling liquor there the next time they visited him they would give him a coat of tar. The boys then obtained the bier (used for the conveyance of the dead) gathered up the fragments of the barrel and broken bottles, placed them on it, marched round the town, tolling a cow-bell, and finally down to the river and deposited them in the water.

A SAD STORY.—The following extraordinary case occurred in Mississippi under the slave laws of that State: "A planter was afflicted with a loathsome disease. So offensive were his ulcers that he was deserted by his white friends; and, while thus afflicted and forsaken, a girl, whom he owned as a slave, kindly and patiently waited upon him, dressed his ulcers, cleansed his person, and watched over him until he eventually recovered. With gratitude and affection to his benefactor, he took her to Cincinnati, O., executed to her a deed of manumission, had it recorded, and returned to Mississippi, and there married her in legal form. They lived together affectionately for many years, reared a family of children, and, as he lay upon his death-bed, by will he divided his property between his wife and children. His brothers hearing of his death, came forward and demanded the property. The widow and children were indignant at the demand. They, too, were seized, and the validity of the marriage and will were tried before Judge Sharkey, of that State, who decided that the whole matter was a fraud upon the law of Slavery—that the property belonged to the collateral heirs. His widow was sold by his surviving brothers, the children were bid off at public auction and both mother and children now toil in chains, or sleep in servile graves."

For The Lily.
WOMAN'S WAGES.

BY L. A. MACK.

"Our hired girl who left us a short time since, is going to come back," remarked the daughter of a wealthy farmer to an elderly gentleman, who was himself the owner of wide spread fields, as far as the eye could see.

"Did she want higher wages?" rejoined he—"they are great for a price, why there was one here that asked \$1.25, cts per week!"

"Oh horrible!" replied the lady!

After hearing this remark I was glad to get out into the pure air, that I might receive its influence into my lungs for I felt a kind of suffocation there which I attributed to the hearing of sentiments uttered so contrary from my views of justice, and right. I could but mentally ask that lady to go with me, to that small house, where poverty and neatness seemed to maintain a strife for the supremacy. By many unmistakable marks, the elderly lady who comes to the door to admit us is a widow. When entering we cannot avoid catching a glimpse of her daughter who sits leaning her head upon her hand, as she rests them upon the table. Within her lap is an open book from which she has evidently been reading; her attention is now diverted by our entrance. As she approaches us, note the clear full expression of her eyes, and of the broad full forehead, upon which is written *thought* in unmistakable characters. For six years she has acted in the capacity of a teacher, receiving only eight dollars per month. This scanty remuneration doled out to her is not sufficient to meet her *own wants*, aside from those of a widowed mother. Often she sighs and ardently longs to procure the means to feed her mind with knowledge,—not that she may gratify a vain desire to be called learned, but that she might thereby enlarge her sphere of usefulness. She prizes knowledge as the means to secure such an end, and thinks it is more to be desired than fine gold. She has also a thirst for the true, the beautiful, the intellectual, and could she receive what she is fairly entitled to for her services, she might far more cultivate those higher aspirations of her nature—and through that cultivation society and the world might be blessed. But now she exists as an imprisoned bird that fain would soar, but the iron bars of custom and law prevent. Against these she can only plume the wings of her soul for flight, but never in this life will she be enabled to realize under such state of things more than a very small share of those desirable attainments for which she daily pines. Poor girl; did you not see the tear spring to her eyes when speaking of the uses of knowledge?

Let us extend our observations to the crowded city; let us pause where amid outward grandeur, a wife mourns in secret, over the perfidy of him who at the marriage alter promised fidelity until death. Now at the still evening hour, one walks by his side, who should not be there, and who would not, if virtue had not been compelled to flee, from her who at the early age of sixteen became wedded to one who proved to be a drunkard. He did not walk, but ran, with swift-flying feet to ruin. His love for the maddening bowl became so great, that every thing had to be sold to gratify it; then she who a short time since smiled upon him a beautiful bride, was cruelly beaten if she refused to give him the dollar which by a whole week of hard labor she could only procure. Thus month after month she toiled, only to see her little pitance wrested from her and given to the rum-seller,—till one day he, the *Libertine*, saw her and traced with an evil eye the remains of beauty that still lingered in her features, and resolved from that moment to desecrate it. She at last driven to despair, forgot her God, and listened to his vile promises. But often comes back to that erring one the remembrance of an innocent childhood, and then tears, aye bitter tears course down her cheek. Could you look within that fallen woman's heart, you would see there among the chief and foremost causes of her degradation the low remuneration paid for her labor which afforded her barely a subsistence and the law which sanctioned the wresting from her of even this.

Let us extend still farther our observation through that densely populated city, through the crowded street up those rickety stairs, by the side of that low bed; let us turn down the ragged coverlid, and see there, lady, thy sister, bound to thee by the strong ties of a common humanity, who once like you, rejoiced in a father's protection, and a brother's love, and the warmth and light of a husband's affection. Once joyful as thine own passed with her life's morning; but ah! suddenly death came,—and one, by one were taken father, brother, and husband; then she was left alone on the great battle field of life, herself to support and the little ones whom God had given to her keeping. To do this she toiled on in that great city, from early dawn till near the midnight hour, thinking only of food and clothing for her children, all unmindful of herself, for weeks and months, only receiving 25 cts per day, until at the return of one saturday night, when faster and thicker fell the snow, darker grew the gathering shades of evening and lower burned the little fire in the grate—while swifter flew the needle, and faster fell the tears, and sharper darted the pain through that poor woman's chest and side until at last a frenzied wild feeling rushes to the brain, she presses her hand against her throbbing temples, and with a cry of despairing anguish seeks her low couch from which she may never rise,—nor would she wish to—were it not for two little hearts, that beat mournfully under their thread bare garments.

Think of a scene like this; ye who sit surrounded with comfort and plenty, from whose stores abundance feeds, and fattens! think of that pale, unrequited teacher, of the abused and fallen incendiaries wife—of the ever toiling but starving widow and her little ones—and when one of thy sisters, bound to thee by a common humanity, asks in return for services given in hard labor only the little sum of one dollar twenty-five cents per week do not say that such a price is horrible, but rather think and know that it is in truth a horrible shame that she should be paid no more.

Education of Females in France.

The Paris correspondent of the New York *Courier*, in a late letter, makes suggestions which are worthy attention. He says:

"In France, the ladies are educated in a manner to make them the most agreeable in society, and while all are taught to keep the accounts of household expenses, many of a poorer class are taught book-keeping so thoroughly as to enable them to follow it as a profession. In almost every Paris shop consequently, the books are kept either by the wife of the shop keeper, or by some other person employed for the purpose. Thus the French system is to teach females the useful and agreeable according to their worldly condition. Our American system is to teach them a little of everything; in fact we take more pains with them than with our boys, though it would seem from the results our efforts hitherto have been none too well directed. While we have female seminaries and colleges in which degrees are conferred, we have a few who take charge of a husband's counting-room while he is being engaged in the direction of other departments of his business. In Paris, you buy a carpet of your upholsterer, who shows the goods, makes all the necessary explanations, and sends it home. But when you pay, you step to the neat mahogany desk where madame sits enthroned behind her folio ledger, and it is with her you regulate your account. The French tradesman's wife is no mere sleeping partner. She takes an active and useful and appropriate part in the management of affairs—she knows to what extent the business is prosperous—and is therefore never in danger, like many American wives, of demanding a new carriage or some other extravagance, when her husband is on the point of failing."

—Excitement and rashness go together as naturally as sin and profanity. Get a man's "dander up" and he is as sure to "do" the rash, as a woman is to go into all sorts of four story "notions" when she has plenty of dollars and little sense. You must keep cool if you desire to have no acquaintance with the Rash family.

English vs. American Beauty.

Mrs. Stowe's new work, "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands," is attracting very general attention, and is received with much favor by the American press and people. The following extract will be worth a little reflection on the part of our American ladies. It is really a practical question of great importance to us, to settle satisfactorily the reason why American women so soon fade, and lose their personal beauty, in comparison with the ladies of England, and indeed of Europe generally. But hear what Mrs. Stowe has to say about it.—*Journal*

A lady asked me this evening what I thought of the beauty of the ladies of the English aristocracy; she was a Scotch lady, by the by, so the question was a fair one. I replied, that certainly report had not exaggerated their charms. Then came a home question—how the ladies of England compared with the ladies of America. "Now for it, patriotism," said I to myself; and, invoking to my aid certain fair saints of my own country, whose faces I distinctly remembered, I assured her that I had never seen more beautiful women than I had in America. Grieved was I to be obliged to add, "but your ladies keep their beauty much later and longer." This fact stares one in the face in every company; one meets ladies past fifty, glowing, radiant and blooming, with a freshness of complexion and fullness of outline refreshing to contemplate. What can be the reason? Tell us, Muses and Graces, what can it be? Is it the conservative power of sea-fogs and coal-smoke—the same cause that keeps the turf green, and makes the holly and ivy flourish?

How comes it that our married ladies dwindle, fade, and grow thin—that their noses incline to sharpness, and their elbows to angularity, just at the time of life when their island sisters round out into a comfortable and becoming amplitude and fullness? If it is the fog and the sea-coal, why, then, I am afraid we shall never come up with them. But perhaps there may be other causes why a country which starts some of the most beautiful girls in the world produces so few beautiful women. Have not our close-heated stove-rooms something to do with it? Have not the immense amount of hot biscuits, hot corn cakes, and other compounds got up with the acrid poison of saleratus, something to do with it? Above all, has not our climate, with its alternate extremes of heat and cold, a tendency to induce habits of in-door indolence? Climate, certainly, has a great deal to do with it; ours is evidently more trying and more exhausting; and because it is so, we should not pile upon its back errors of dress and diet which are avoided by our neighbors. They keep their beauty because they keep their health. It has been as remarkable as anything to me, since I have been here, that I do not constantly, as at home, hear one and another spoken of as in miserable health, as very delicate, &c. Health seems to be the rule and not the exception. For my part, I must say, the most favorable omen that I knew of for female beauty in America is the multiplication of water-cure establishments, where our ladies, if they get nothing else, do gain some idea as to the necessity of fresh air, regular exercise, simple diet, and the laws of hygiene in general."

GIRLS AT TYPE SETTING.—The Toronto *Globe* states that, owing to the recent strike among printers, four young women are now setting type on that journal; and that they learn the mysteries of the art with great aptness. In several sections of the country, girls are seeking employment in printing offices, and are making fine wages.—*Peoples' Organ*.

The Chicago *Journal* employs eight female compositors.

A STRINGENT LIQUOR LAW.—Mr. Z. B. Porter, of the Cambridge Market Hotel, Cambridge, Mass., has been fined \$350 and sentenced to four years imprisonment in jail, for violating the liquor law. Mr. Porter has appealed to the Court of Common Pleas.

THE LILY.

MOUNT VERNON, OHIO, SEPTEMBER 1, 1854

MOUNT VERNON.

Effects of executing the Law.

The present position of the liquor traffic and of liquor drinking in Mount Vernon furnishes a good index of what may be done, even through the instrumentality of an imperfect law, when an honest effort is made by the people and the public authorities to secure its observance. When we became a resident of this city last December, we really thought that the place was given up to the spirit of rowdyism and the demon of strong drink. The vicinity of the public square near which we reside was nightly the resort of a gang of half-grown boys and full-grown men, who made the town hideous by their hootings, unearthly yellings and disgraceful conduct. The rum shops were in "full blast" night and day, and crowds of men and boys collected around their doors, not unfrequently blocking up the sidewalk so as to impede the progress of persons passing along them. Drunken men were daily and almost hourly seen in the streets, and we were not a little annoyed by the offensive breath, staggering gait, idiotic stare and silly expression which marked the character of not a few of those with whom, in the necessary discharge of our office business, we were brought in contact. One individual in particular we recollect, who is a farmer, and (except his love for strong drink,) a worthy man, who never came to the office for his papers without showing unmistakable signs of intoxication.

This state of things continued until about the time of the city election. Every body was expressing the opinion that something must be done to put an end to this shameful exhibition of drunkenness and rowdyism. And this feeling amounted to something more than mere words. It found expression in action also. At the spring election the Mayor, the Marshal and nearly all the Policemen elected were understood to be earnest temperance men—and what was better still, men who were not afraid to do their whole duty.

Most fortunately just then the new Liquor Law came into being, and the temperance men of the city, disregarding the advice of Gen. Carey, promptly decided to give their influence in favor of its observance. The Sons of Temperance, Good Templars, and Temple of Honor passed resolutions to that effect; and a County Temperance convention was held in the city in which a resolution to enforce the law was, after full discussion, unanimously adopted. The Mayor, Marshall and Policemen all then went to work in the same direction—and nobly have they thus far discharged their duties.

They commenced by arresting for drunkenness, and a number of persons were lodged with Sheriff Wade, who gave them full time in his secure apartments to escape from the deleterious influences of the poison they had taken into their systems. Several persons were also arrested for selling intoxicating drinks in violation of the laws and bound over to the Probate Court. When the term of this Court came on, these persons were arraigned before it, and both the rumseller and his victim were made to feel that the Ohio Law was a reality. Several convictions under different sections of the Law were procured, and sentence, when no appeals were taken, immediately pronounced. Even the decision of a drunken Judge of the Supreme Court has not availed

to suspend the good work here; but our magistrates and Probate Judge have, as they have a right to do, held the law to be still valid and binding.

And what has been the result of these well-directed efforts? They have been in all respects most salutary. Rowdyism has almost entirely disappeared from the streets, and except an occasional outburst which is promptly put down, the public square is as quiet during the night as the most unfrequented parts of the city. The open continuance of the traffic has ceased, and if the dealers yet sell their deadly poisons, they do so in the most quiet and unobtrusive manner. We no longer hear of smashed glasses, broken windows, and midnight rows within, nor see crowds of infuriated wretches gathered about their doors. Drunkenness and drunken men have disappeared from our streets, and an intoxicated man would now be looked upon as something of a curiosity.

Even our old office friend, although we see him now less frequently than formerly, does his trading, gets his newspapers—(he takes The Lily, by the way, and perhaps that has had something to do with his reformation,) and returns home perfectly sober.

In fact it is no longer safe for an inebriate to be seen in our streets. The Marshal's eye would be instantly upon him, as it seems to be everywhere present, and he would forthwith have to take up his quarters in the jail. In short, quiet and good order now bear sway in our city, where formerly intemperance, disorder and contempt of law were so plainly manifest.

We allude to these things in no spirit of boasting, but for a better purpose—to induce if possible other towns and cities to emulate the example of Mount Vernon. If the Law can be enforced in this city, it can also be enforced in Newark, Columbus and every other town and city in the State. All that is wanting is a will and determination to do it, and it can be done.

We wish also to show the benign influences which restrictive laws exert in redeeming community from the evils of the traffic. Without such laws there is no hope of escape from them. Moral suasion will not induce men to stop selling intoxicating drinks, nor will it often induce them to abstain from their use. We need the aid of law to effect both of these ends. The business must be prohibited, and both the man who sells and the man who drinks punished. This must be done firmly yet kindly; and then even those who are brought to feel the weight of the laws will bless men for their apparent severity in insisting upon their observance.

Finally, if so happy have been the results which flow from our present imperfect law when honestly enforced, what may we not hope from a law which will secure the incalculable blessing of entire prohibition? Under such a law we might justly expect to see the complete overthrow of the traffic and the full emancipation of its victims from its terrible bondage.

CARSON LEAGUE.—The report of the Monroe Co. (N. Y.) Carson League for the past year shows that two hundred and three civil suits were prosecuted to judgment against rumsellers by its agents, on which five thousand six hundred and sixty-four dollars were recovered—\$1,942 of which had been paid. These Leagues have done a great deal in many sections of New York towards putting down the traffic.

FEMALE COMPOSITORS.

The journeymen compositors of the office of the Philadelphia *Register* lately undertook to raise a flare-up and embarrass the operations of the proprietor, because he had introduced one or two females into the office to learn the art of setting type. The Printers' Union, it appears, also took umbrage at the fact, and sustained the journeymen in their course. And now it is understood that this Union intends to oppose the employment of females as compositors, as detrimental to the interests of the craft. We are glad to see that the Philadelphia press is taking a decided stand against this interference of the Union. The *North American* scorns it. The *City Item* thinks the printers have made an egregious mistake, which will only hasten the event they are opposing. The day is not far distant, at any rate, says the *Item*, when type-setting will be almost wholly done by females. And the *Lancaster Express*, commenting on the same fact, says:—*Organ*.

"The employment of women as compositors on weekly and afternoon papers, and on book work, is no longer an experiment. Its success has been most conclusively demonstrated in different offices in Boston, New York, Pittsburg, and Western cities, and all who have employed them say that the work is peculiarly adapted to female hands. Many poor women who had heretofore been eking out a miserable existence by making shirts for a shilling a piece, are now earning from five to eight dollars per week, without overfatiguing themselves or injuring their health. This attempt of the journeyman printers to prevent women from getting into better employment is, therefore, to say the least, a very ungentlemanly piece of business, and a move in which they will never be sustained by the public when the question involved is fairly understood. We would always be willing to pay the highest prices for labor, but we will allow no body of men to dictate to us whether we shall pay wages to a printer in pantaloons or petticoats. We will insist on managing the affairs of our own office."

GRANVILLE WATER CURE.—We had the pleasure of spending a few days in this highly popular institution some two weeks since. It is now, and has been during the summer, filled to its utmost capacity with people who are seeking in water a relief from disease and suffering which drugs have failed to afford. It was our purpose to remain at the Cure during the continuance of the warm weather; but the sickness of a friend soon called us home again, and we probably shall not return to Granville this season.

Dr. Bancroft, the founder of the institution, is widely known as a skillful physician, a kind friend and an excellent man. He has recently associated with him Drs. Jones & Nutt, of Dayton, who are now acting in the discharge of their duty at the Cure. Of these gentlemen, as physicians, we know nothing personally; but their having the confidence of Dr. Bancroft speaks well for them. As gentlemen, we can say they are kind and affable; and we feel sure that no pains will be spared on their parts, or on the parts of their truly estimable wives, to make the inmates of the Cure comfortable, contented and happy.

Some of our subscribers in this city complain that they do not get The Lily regularly. This is the fault of the Carrier, who, notwithstanding all our charges, will pass some by. If persons who are missed will call at the office, the numbers will be furnished them, or if notified of the failure of the Carrier to deliver the paper, we will see that it is sent.

"OUR SOCIAL CANCER."

The New York *Times* in a long article headed, "Our Social Cancer," attributes the bankruptcies and fraudulent transactions among men to the extravagances of women. We copy the following from the article in question:

"Talk of the moralities of false issues of stock, and the host of other fraudulent transactions. Talk of railroad manias, and the many reckless pursuits of speculating life! The evil is not with them. It is not in Wall street! It is not in Banks and Brokers. Look to your splendid avenues—your palaces—named hotels—your five thousand dollar parties—your silks and wines—your whole system of modern American show. There you have the roots of this consuming cancer—there, and there only, is the flesh and blood that feed its spreading poison. What is the use of wasting words on our system of business—on excessive credit—on fictitious negotiations, so long as vain and silly wives are urging on their vainer and sillier husbands to this all-devouring ruin! The cure is needed at home; and, until our vices are reformed, we are whistling down the wind in every effort made to rectify the monstrous error. A great part of this tremendous evil is due to our women. It is hard to think it—harder to write it—but nevertheless, it is plain, honest truth. They are the money maelstroms—they and their silks, wines, carpets, hangings and equipages—and in them are swallowed up the millions that are reported in our financial disasters. Psalms for their souls—liturgies of sorrow—requiems of death—anything in the way of thunder and lightning would be, just now, the next thing to a Gospel, if it could arouse our women to arrest the enormous drafts they are making on the exchequer of the world."

That there is much truth in the above cannot be denied, but we are not willing to admit that the blame lies wholly or principally with the women. When we look at the false system of education in this country, we cannot be surprised at the showy extravagance of women in decorating their persons and their parlors; or at their recklessness in the expenditure of money. Taught from their earliest childhood that it is not for them to add any thing to the great treasury of the country by their own industry and business application, but that they must look to man to have all their wants supplied—that it is for them he labors—that he values money only as it ministers to their wants and pleasures, and that all he asks in return is that they will decorate their persons with finery and study the most fascinating attitudes and bewitching manners to please his fancy and gratify his passions, it is not strange that their whole thought and time should be consumed on splendid silks, shawls, and carpets, or that they pursue a giddy round of fashionable folly, each striving to outdo the other in the splendor and extravagance of their dress, palaces and parties. Never having learned the value of money further than it ministers to their present gratification, and never dreaming how it is obtained, or that the treasury may by any means be exhausted, they know nothing of economizing, and think nothing about the necessity of laying by of their present abundance for a future time of need. And why should they? Have they not husbands, and is it not their business to see all their wants supplied—all their whims gratified? What would they do with money if not expended for showy and costly "silks, carpets, hangings, equipages, &c.?" Who has ever told them that a thousand dollars would be better invested in land, in bank or railroad stock than in a beautiful shawl, which will be worn only for a year or two and then give place to another equally expensive? Who has told them that such an investment may in future years save themselves

and children from want and dependence? Who has told them that they were created rational, intelligent beings—that the good things of this world were given them to use and not to abuse—that they were endowed with a physical frame constituted for labor, and that while all creation besides was in a state of activity, they were not to remain as drones in the great human hive—consuming what others earn while they themselves add nothing to the great storehouse of industry, knowledge, science and art? Who has told them that the All Father had a higher purpose in their creation than that they should bask for a little time like butterflies in the sunshine of life, and then disappear without having made the world better, but worse, for their having lived in it? Who has told them that they are responsible beings, and that God will hold them to an account for their stewardship?

A distinguished preacher thus sums up the history of a woman who had been called to her long home:

"She ate, she drank, she slept, she dressed, she danced, and she died!" This is the history of the mass of women. The more high and ennobling traits of her character—the gifts of nature, are cramped and crushed by custom and false education, and woman is made a creature of fashion and art—her physical powers weakened and benumbed, and her mind dwarfed and uncultivated. She looks upon all kinds of labor as degrading, and regards the woman who seeks to acquire a fortune by her own industry as manish and out of her sphere. If compelled to labor for a subsistence, she feels herself degraded, and is so considered by the world, and henceforth, no matter what may once have been her position, she is shut out from society and becomes neglected and unknown.

Again we say women are not alone to blame for the existing state of things. Man is far from guiltless in the matter. He claims to be woman's protector, director, governor,—*master*. To him she looks for direction and guidance, and fashions all her actions to please him. He has power to make her great, wise and good, or the reverse. Let him educate her properly, physically, mentally and morally—cultivate her business capacity—teach her that industry and knowledge are virtues, and idleness and ignorance a disgrace—take her into his confidence and give her an insight into his business affairs—interest her in the details of the day-book and ledger—admit her to a participation in the affairs of church and state—treat her like a sensible, intelligent being, instead of like a child or a fool, a drudge or a plaything—let him do this and we shall hear little of men being ruined by the extravagance of their wives and daughters. Women can then no longer with truth be called the "money maelstroms" which are swallowing up the prosperity of our country, nor longer be charged with being the cause of financial disasters and Wall street panics.

We may talk of reforming "domestic vices," and bring to our aid "psalms," "liturgies," "requiems," "thunder and lightning," but all will have no effect to arouse the women to a sense of the evil they are bringing on the country, or cause them to retrench their expenditures. So long as men will furnish the money and encourage its expenditure on fashionable follies, women will spend it. The whole system of education must be changed before the evil complained of can be remedied. We must strike this vice at its root.

Woman must be taught to think, to reflect, to act—to understand her own responsibilities and destiny—to know her duties, her influence, her rights. She must learn to rely upon her own God-given powers—to become a self-provider, a self-governor and self-protector. Her equal right to all the advantages of education, literary, scientific and artistic; to full equality in all business avocations and industrial pursuits—to all rights, religious, civil and political which pertain to her as a citizen, must be recognized and acknowledged before a real reformation can be brought about. Let all this be done and we shall hear no more of \$1,000 shawls and \$3,000 parties. The "Social Cancer" will be healed.

—A friend writing from Wisconsin gives the following report of the temperance cause in that State:

"The temperance cause is not dead in Wisconsin, but it is for the present crushed by political parties. All good and great projects seem destined to the same doom, not only in this State but in our great boasting country.

Temperance people hope on, knowing that a righteous cause is triumphant. But when I look out upon this cloudy night I can see no just cause for hope, as long as short-sighted, mercenary men do all the voting. Last fall they voted for a Maine Law with one hand, and with the other deposited a vote for an inebriate to make that law. O Consistency! Last fall we had 10 nays polled in our town and 100 yeas, yet we had two well patronized drinking houses, and *they are there still*, selling it as if it were called for by the majority. Is this democratic? The ten are more powerful on the side of rum than one hundred for water."

NEW YORK.—A large State Temperance Convention was held at Saratoga Springs on the 17th ult., at which strong resolutions were passed that they would sustain no man for Governor, or for the Legislature, at the coming election, who is not pledged to go for a prohibitory liquor law.

On the day following, a Woman's Rights meeting was held at the St. Nicholas Hall, which is said to have been largely attended. We have no report of this meeting except that it was addressed by Sarah Pellet. Susan B. Anthony made an appeal for assistance to carry forward the movement.

GRAMMAR.—Mr. Tower of Boston has sent us a copy of his "First Lessons in Language, or Elements of English Language." We have looked through it with some attention and think it admirably adapted to the purpose for which it is designed. It presents this useful and interesting study to the mind of the pupil in a plain and simple manner, and in the hands of a good teacher, boys and girls of eight or ten years of age will find no difficulty in acquiring, with the aid of this little book, a fair knowledge of the science. In former days, the study of grammar was considered dry and uninviting, but the difficulty was with the text books and the manner in which they were used. Such books as Mr. Tower's will do much to popularize this branch of knowledge, and bring it within the comprehension of even the dullest intellects. *

TEXAS.—At the recent State election in Texas the question of "license or no license" was voted on directly by the people, and the returns show a large majority in favor of No License. Texas used to be regarded as a very immoral State, but this cannot be said of it any longer.

**WOMAN'S RIGHTS AND WOMAN'S WRONGS
ACCORDING TO LAW.**

NO. IV.

It has heretofore been shown that women are denied the right of self-government. They possess no voice in the election of their rulers, or in the making of the laws. Let us now pass to the consideration of the laws which have been made for her by her sovereigns; for so far as she is concerned, the government under which she may live, though in name republican, is in fact an absolute monarchy; and it is none the less so because her law makers are numbered by thousands or millions, instead of being concentrated in a single individual. But it is possible for even an absolute sovereign to rule wisely and to use his power for the good of his subjects. A few such instances have occurred in history, and perhaps may again. Let us see if the collected wisdom of all the men in the world has been competent to rule woman thus.

It has been said by Mr. Paley, "that civil liberty is the not being restrained by any law, but what conduces in a greater degree to the public welfare"—and we may therefore claim for our own enjoyment whatever rights do not trench upon or tend to impair the general welfare of the whole community. Now what are these rights? They are said by the great English writer on public law, to be reducible to three principal or primary articles, viz:

The right of personal security;
The right of personal liberty, and

The right of property;

because, says he, there is no other known method of compulsion or abridging man's natural free will, but by an infringement of one or the other of these important rights.

Admitting the definition of natural rights to be correct, we will proceed to the enquiry: how well have these rights been guaranteed to woman by the legislation of her sovereign ruler and lawmaker, man?

The same writer defines the right of personal liberty, to consist in the uninterrupted enjoyment of life, limb, body, health and reputation.

There is certainly no positive law denying to women the right to life, or the use of her limbs and body, or the possession of health or reputation. Enactments in fact have been made for the purpose of securing to her the enjoyment of each and all of these precious privileges, in common with her brother. And therefore any positive act dangerous to either would be regarded as a crime, by whomsoever committed. The felonious taking of her life, or injuries to her limbs or body, are guarded against, by the law, with scrupulous care, and assaults upon either, punished with heavy penalties. Her claim upon the government, therefore, for the right of personal security, seems to be fully recognized. True, she is left for the vindication of this right, as of all others, to courts of justice, in which she is not allowed to participate, except as a suitor for the redress of her wrongs. The magistrate who administers the laws; the jury which pronounces upon her guilt or innocence, or the guilt or innocence of him who has inflicted a wrong upon her reputation or her person; the officer who executes the judgment of the tribunal, all must be men; but notwithstanding this, the law, when the judgment comes to be rendered, knows of no differences of sex, or station, but metes out the measure of its condemnation alike to all. Formerly this was otherwise

The old English law looked upon certain offences, when committed by women, as deserving of a severer punishment than when committed by men. So late as the time of George III., for every species of treason, the sentence of women was to be drawn and burnt, although in petit reason, the punishment of men was only to be drawn and hanged! By the common law too, all women were denied the benefit of Clergy; and till the times of William and Mary, they received sentence of death, and might have been executed for the first offence in simple larceny, bigamy, manslaughter &c., however learned they were, merely because their sex precluded all possibility of their taking holy Orders; though a man, who could only read, was for the same crime subject only to burning in the hand and a few months imprisonment. But these barbarous distinctions have justly been abolished, by the more humane tendencies, and enlightened legislation of modern times.

But while these distinctions no longer exist, the laws still come short in some respects of securing to woman complete personal security; more perhaps from the fact that certain offences may be committed against her to which the other sex is not subject. Thus her chastity is protected from violence only to an imperfect extent, and by one of those legal fictions so common in the books, a parent can have reparation in the law from the seducer of his daughter's virtue, only by stating that she is his servant, and that he has been deprived of the benefit of her labor. It has also been said by a distinguished legal writer, that "female virtue by the temporal law is perfectly exposed to the slander of malignity and falsehood; for any one may proclaim in conversation, that the purest maid, or the chaste matron, is the most meretricious and incontinent of women, with impunity, or free from the animadversions of the temporal courts. Thus female honor, which is dearer to the sex than their lives, is left by the common law to be the sport of an abandoned calumniator." These strictures have, to some extent, been removed, by the modern practice of the courts, and it is now held that language such as is alluded to above, is actionable, where special damage is averred.

The power of the husband over the person of his wife, is the only real restraint, which may now be said to impair her right to personal security further than has been stated above. In former times, this power was much more arbitrary than at present. It was formerly held in England, that the husband had the same power over his wife's person as over that of a child or servant, that is; the right of a master, and that he might therefore give his wife moderate correction. It was also held, that if a husband killed his wife, it was the same as though he killed a stranger or any other person, but if a woman killed her husband, it was regarded by the laws as a much more atrocious crime, as she not only broke through the restraints of humanity and conjugal affection but threw off her subjection to the authority of her husband. And therefore the law denominated her crime a species of treason, and condemned her to the same punishment as if she had killed a king, which, was to be drawn and burnt alive. This unnatural rule has also been abrogated, and the killing of a husband by a wife is regarded as no greater offence than the killing of a wife by a husband. Neither do our laws any longer recognize any right in the husband to chastise his wife.

He may, if she manifest a disposition to destroy his property, restrain her of her liberty, or if she leave him without cause, seize her by force and bring her back. But this is the limit of his authority. He has no right to strike his wife. The moment he presumes to inflict a blow, he goes beyond the bond. If the husband even threatens violence upon his wife, and still more if he dares to execute it, she may have him put under bonds to keep the peace. Cruelty to the wife, by the husband, is also good ground for divorce, in Ohio, and some other States.

In some cases, married women are exempt from the punishment of their own mis-deeds, which punishment in such cases falls upon their husbands. Thus, if a married woman commits a theft in the presence of her husband, she may not be punished for it, but the husband shall be, because the law supposes that it was done by his coercion. This supposition, however, may be rebutted by facts, and if it be shown that the act was committed of her own free will, she must bear the penalty. This immunity does not extend to treason, murder, or robbery, nor in general to those crimes, (except theft) which are *mala in se*. The husband is also liable for the torts or frauds of his wife, committed during marriage, and where the remedy is by imprisonment, he alone can be imprisoned. There is no State in the Union, it is believed, where woman can be imprisoned for debt, or any case short of positive crime.

So much for the right of woman to personal security. Her right to personal liberty will next be considered.

CIVIS.

**OHIO WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE—
DELAWARE, OHIO.**

The Fall Session will open Thursday, Sept. 7th instead of August 10th, as published in the Catalogue.

The prevailing sickness having disappeared from the town and most of the neighboring towns, it is hoped pupils will be in attendance at the opening of the Session. Although the Institution is just commencing its second year, it affords as good advantages for thorough instruction and complete scholarship as can be found in many older schools.

New apparatus has just been purchased, for illustrating the principles of Chemistry and Physiology, to which branches special attention will be given during the coming Term.

TUITION :

In Common Branches per Sess. of 13 weeks, \$4.00
Higher Branches and Ancient Languages, \$5 to 8.00

EXTRA TUITION,

Music with Instrument, \$12.00
Each Modern Language, 3.00
Drawing and Painting, 4.00
No charge for Incidental.

O. FAVILLE, Pres.

IOWA.—The late election in this State has resulted in a complete Anti-Nebraska and Anti-Liquor triumph. The rush of emigration to this State the present year is immense, and the papers are filled with glowing accounts of its fertile soil and genial climate. The above results show that its people intend that its glories shall not be dimmed by the influence of slavery or the presence of intemperance.

Among other good acts, this State has secured the property rights of the wife, and made her the joint guardian with her husband of her children. It has also secured the homestead to the family.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HAMPTON N. H., July 20th, 1854.

DEAR MRS. BLOOMER.—Five weeks ago I left Conneaut, Ohio, eight minutes before twelve, and the next day found myself dining with friends in Worcester Mass. And after spending some time there, resuming my seat a little before twelve in the same train that brought me to Worcester, I arrived here at four, and had I continued on might have reached Portland, Maine, before dark. Such is the wonderful speed with which we travel over space with apparent safety and ease, from Ohio to Maine in thirty-six hours! What a contrast with an eight week's journey of forty or fifty years ago with an ox team! Then we crawled, now we are shot through space like an arrow. I, we were strangers, newly arrived here on this globe, and just made acquainted with these facts, the enquiry, who or what has produced such an astonishing change, would be very natural. And when informed that it is man, the race of beings that we see scattered all over this globe, we shd be filled with admiration, and at once conclude that he must be a wondrous being, a marvellous specimen of divine creation, as he really is, to be invested with such wonder working powers. Do you suppose that we could be very credulous to the fact that these beings possessing and exercising these capabilities to bless the world, to diffuse wealth and prosperity, to create joy and beauty, and restore earth to its original liveliness and happiness, would prostitute these heaven-born gifts to the making of implements of death for the specific purpose of shivering human bodies into atoms, blowing out brains, making widows and orphans, razing cities to the ground, destroying wealth and lessening the means of human existence, and to the making and vending of intoxicating drinks, to steep both body and soul in degradation and sink them in endless ruin! Should we not be filled with terror and amazement, and seek speedily to make good our escape?

But, distressing as the picture is in some of its aspects, we are not without consolation and encouragement. The powers of the human mind for physical and intellectual improvement being yet in their early stages of development, we shall in due time see yet greater things than these we now see; but when his moral powers shall be thoroughly aroused, and all his forces, moral, intellectual and physical, shall be applied in the right direction, what moral revolutions and improvements will be wrought, how sorrow and want will give place to joy and abundance, the warm sunlight of love and peace irradiate every cold habitation and dark place of the earth! Faith in God and in Truth assures us that our labors for the consummation of that event will not be in vain.

But your little sheet, THE LILY—how I should now welcome it to my table! It would serve as a medium of communication between me and dear Ohio, and particularly those friends who are laboring in the cause of Temperance, Woman's Rights and other reforms of which your LILY is cognizant.

Wish I could write you something encouraging and of importance from this section of country. But there are some friends here who are co-operating with you in the same cause. I have not yet found any temperance papers, that is, none devoted to the advocacy of that subject. Probabiy there are some. I have made some enquiries but have not yet found any.

When I was in Worcester, on Sabbath afternoon at five o'clock, in company with friends with whom I was staying, I went to hear a Miss Anna Ruggles lecture on temperance. This was one of her first efforts. It was at a good-sized school-house, which was well filled with attentive listeners. When she had finished her address, a wish was expressed to hear more of the same sort, and a suggestion made for free expression from any present who had a word to speak for the cause. I was asked for my testimony, and did not feel at liberty to withhold it; for if I can do anything to help any body give the monster Intemperance a stab or a blow, I love to do it, whether in the east or at the West. I wish I could do more. It is a common enemy spreading his dark wings of death over the whole country, and the good and true should give him no quar-

ters, but should have their weapons always ready and push him into annihilation. At the close of the meeting, Miss Ruggles was invited to repeat her lecture the next Sabbath in a neighboring school-house; she did so; the audience was larger than that on the Sabbath previous, and listened to with apparent interest. The same course was pursued as on the preceding Sabbath, and I tried to do what I could.

I am told that there is much drinking in this section of country, and that the temperance friends find their work arduous and difficult. When in Worcester, said a young lady to me on the Sabbath, "to-day, sitting at my window, in a short time, (I think she said little more than an hour) in the streets I counted six individuals in different states of intoxication." Thank Heaven, they were none of them women, though woman, horrible as it is, does sometimes descend to such depths of degradation. I was informed that about a year ago an attempt was made to enforce a prohibitory law, and clandestine assaults endangering personal safety and life were made u. on some who were active for the enforcement of the law. Since coming into New Hampshire, in one place, the evils of liquor selling and liquor drinking were deprecated as abominable, and I was told the friends of Temperance were intimidated by a spirit manifested in firing buildings. These are not my own observations, but information gathered from the incidental remarks of those with whom I have associated, confirming the sad truth that intemperance is an evil everywhere prevalent, and that to remove it will be a hard, difficult work, involving in some cases sacrifices and peril.

Ever Yours, CLARISSA G. OLDS.

"For they bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and lay them upon men's shoulders, but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers."—*Bible*.

The following is an extract from a lecture delivered by a woman, on Woman's Rights, in Ossato township, Indiana:

"The Hon. H. Mann, in his lecture on Woman, advances the idea that woman can find room enough for the exercise of her benevolence "by going out and instructing the ignorant and reclaiming the vicious." This would indeed be a heavenly mission, one that Jesus Christ came to fulfill, "for he came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." But permit me to ask if Mr. Mann, in his zeal to prescribe rules for the other sex, did not a little overlook his own? For, if woman had the tongue of an angel, were her lips touched with a coal from off the Divine altar, did her bosom glow with all the fervor of the rapt seraph that bows before the throne of the Eternal—could she take to herself the wings of the morning and fly to the outmost bounds of creation and preach the gospel of temperance, of chastity, of sobriety, to every creature under heaven—even a gospel that would make a Felix tremble, man reclining in his chair of State, his senses steeped in alcohol, his mouth sending forth columns of smoke, like the crater of a volcano, would undo in an hour all that woman could do in an age. For he would license a grog shop upon every corner, a rum hole in every alley, a drinking saloon in every ward, and then, as if not content with offering the youth of his own sex by thousands upon the altar of dissipation and licentiousness, he would—well what would he do next? He would license a brothel in their midst, to corrupt, defame and destroy, the last, the crowning works of God's creation. For let it be remembered that woman was the crowning work of creation. Now woman has nothing to do with licensing these grog shops and rum holes and gambling hells that woo our husbands from the domestic hearth to revel in the arms of forbidden pleasures, leaving wives and children to weep in silence and solitude, unpitied and unknown. That the sons from the path of rectitude and send them staggering down to drunkards' graves.

Is it not adding insult to injury thus to call upon woman, poor, outlawed woman, wearing the legal chains of minority, (although she may be an hundred years old) of idiocy, of lunacy, chained to a prescribed sphere, like a door to its post—to call upon her to stop those flood-gates of vice

and immorality that men themselves have opened upon society?

"Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, les' the wicked rejoice and the daughters of the uncircumscripted triumph."

W. C. E.
CLEVELAND, ELKHART, July 10th 1854.

Woman a Preacher.

I understand that the reason that our Orthodox brethren urge against the admission of women to the Ministry is, that woman is not recognized as a minister in the Bible. Will our brethren please to remember that the time was when "there was not a man to till the ground," and that God made Adam for that very purpose? Is that any objection to the tilling of the earth? Neither is there a Newton recognized in the Bible, although he spanned the heavens with his mighty intellect and glorified God in the works of his creation, by measuring the distance, computing the magnitude, and ascertaining the motions of the heavenly bodies. Nor yet a Franklin who drew the lightning from its watery bed and bottled it up for future use. Nor is a Fulton recognized there, who w'd have driven Noah's Ark with his steeds of Steam, as a very little thing. Nor yet a Morse, the immortal linguist, who taught the forked tongue of lightning the multifarious languages of Babel. Neither was there a woman found to preach the gospel of glad tidings of free salvation to a sick world, for the reason that the world was not in a state of civilization high enough to receive it.

God knew when he created Adam to till the ground, that there would be such men and women too, born into the world as are mentioned above when the world was in a state to receive them, as well as He does now. Therefore in the fullness of time, according to His own divine appointment, He ushered them into life. Not merely for promulgating the sciences of nature, but to lead the mind upward and onward to the recognition and realization of those truths contained in God's promise to woman in the garden of Eden, viz., "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." And thus by the renovating influence of the Holy Spirit commence the new man, male and female, in the image of God, as promised to the seed of the woman.

Methinks the ruddy streaks of the far-off morn begin to illumine the mental horizon, promising a clearer day. Let us hail its approach with songs of joy as the harbinger of that auspicious morn when the trump of God shall proclaim the marriage of the Lamb, for the bride hath made herself ready."

W. C. E.
ELKHART Co., July 20th, '54.

THE CONSTITUTION—What is it to us about the Constitution, or what suited our forefathers a hundred years ago? It might suit them at that time, we want laws that will answer our purpose at the present time; they had no Railroads, Telegraphs, or Steam Engines, and a number of other machines for doing the work of mankind which we have now, and which are making great changes in the commercial world, and not forgetting the Gold Mines of California and Australia, we have no more right to submit to the laws of our forefathers, than we have to pass laws for the people who will live a hundred years hence.

J. BISSELL.
PUBLIC HOUSES—If every Drinking House was converted into a Fruit Store, or Bating House, how much better would it be for the health of society. And if there were as much trouble, expense and perseverance used to make people healthy, as there is in practice on the community which has a tendency to make people sick, how much pain, sickness and misery might be avoided.

J. BISSELL.
LAW MAKING—What is the use in our Legislators passing laws if Judges are to set them aside under the pretence that they are unconstitutional? Far better let the Judges make the law; it would be a great deal cheaper as far as regards expenses, and if they did not make them constitutional it would be their own fault; if the law makers don't know how, or can't make a constitutional law, far better that the people take better care and elect some members who have more knowledge in the art of law-making.

J. BISSELL.

For The Lily.
THE BRIDE.

BY EMILY B. SWANK.

I first saw her a bride—in all the pride
Of womanhood gentle and fair,
With the blue in her eye, pure as the sky,
And curly brown clustering hair.

And the bridegroom's arm supported her form
With most loving and graceful care—
Few had e'er seen, in this bright world, I ween,
Bridegroom more noble—lady more fair.

I saw her a mother, seeming to smother
A half-formed sigh and tear,
As her fair-haired boy—her soul's deep joy
Lisp'd his evening prayer.

In the dim lamp light, a gleam of white
Shone mid her soft brown hair,
And a pallid brow, and hectic glow,
Told of the spoiler there.

And O, where was he, whose love should be
Her young heart's deep solace then?
That fading form, surely, needed the arm
Of love to support her again.

In wild agony, did he not see
The life-tide ebbing there?
And did he not prove his heart's deep love
In that hour of doubt and fear?

Ah no! he only saw the red wine glow
In bright pleasure's reckless tide—
All else to him seemed dark and dim,
Even his beautiful bride.

I saw a white vest laid over her breast,
And flowers in her pale cold hand—
She had gone to her rest—the home of the blest,
To the far off better land.

And he came at last, hurrying fast,
With haggard brow and cheek,
He kne'l beside his pale cold bride,
But his lips refused to speak.

A ray of love seemed shed from above,
O'er the face of the lovely sleeper;
While the deepest woe that mortal can know,
Enshrouded that stricken weeper.

GREENSBORO, IND.

WEEKS & RIDEOUT'S INDELIBLE WRITING FLUID.—We can recommend this ink as the best we ever used. It is a clear and beautiful black, and flows freely and evenly from the pen. The Manufacturers thus speak of its merits:

"It will not in the least degree corrode steel pens; it will not mould in inkstand or bottle; it will not gum in the inkstand or crust on the pen; it flows freely; the pen that has any ink upon it never fails to make a mark; it is perfectly indelible; no acids can obliterate it." After a fair trial we feel prepared to endorse what is here said, and should they continue to manufacture as good an article as that left with us, this ink will soon supersede many of the numerous kinds of writing fluid now sold.

LIPPERT is agent for this city. WEEKS, RIDEOUT & Co., Philadelphia, are the manufacturers.

We are not in the habit of publishing conundrums, but to gratify the writer of the following we give place to them:

Why will Gov. Seymour in the future be like a beech tree?

Ans. Because he will never be *popular* (popular).

Why is an address by Mrs. Bloomer like the act of the Good Templar helping the drunkard out of the ditch?

Ans. Because it is an *Amelia Oration* (amelioration.)

PIXLEY.

History is the tongue of the great bell of time, tolling the evening watches and morning hours.

From Mr. Holcomb's Address before the Maryland Agricultural Society.

ENGLISH LADIES.

As showing the interest English ladies take in agriculture, I cannot but relate a casual interview I chanced to have with an English lady, in going up in the express train from London to York. Her husband had bought a book at the stand as we were about starting, and remarked to her that it was one of her favorite American authors—Hawthorn. I casually observed, I was pleased to see young American authors found admirers with English ladies, when the conversation turned on books and authors. But I said to myself pretty soon, this is a literary lady—probably her husband is an editor or reviewer, and she handles the 'scissors' for him; at all events, I must retreat from this discussion about authors, modern poets, and poetry. What should a farmer know critically of such things? If I was only in those fields—if the conversation could only be made to turn on crops or cattle, then I should feel quite at home. I finally pointed out a field of wheat, and remarked it was very fine. The lady carefully observing it said: "Sir, I think it is too thin—a common fault this season, as the seeding was late; those drills," she added, turning to her husband for his confirmation, "cannot be more than ten inches apart, and you see, sir, the ground is not completely covered—twelve and eleven inches is now preferred for the width of the drills, and two bushels of seed to the acre will then entirely cover the ground on good land, so you can hardly discover the drills."

If the Goddess Ceres had appeared with her sheaf, or her cornucopia, I could not have been taken more by surprise. A lady descanting on the "width of wheat drills and the quantity of seed!"

I will try her again, said I, this may be a chance shot, and remarked in reference to a field of plowed ground we were passing, that it broke up in great lumps, and could hardly be put in good tilth. "We have much clay land like this," she replied, "and formerly it was difficult to cultivate it in a tillage crop, but since the introduction of Croskill's Patent Cled Crusher, they will make the most beautiful tilth on these lands, which are now regarded as among our best wheat lands."

The conversation turned on cattle; she spoke of the best breeds of cows for the pail (the Ayrshire's and Devons), told me where the best cheese was made—Cheshire—the best butter—Ireland—where the best milkmaids were to be found—Wales. Oh! said I, I was mistaken; this charming intelligent woman, acting so natural and unaffected, dressed so neat and so very plain, must be a farmer's wife, and what a helpmate he has in her? She is not an extravagant wife either, not an ornament about her—yes, a single bracelet clasps a fair rounded arm; that's all. The train stopped at York; no sooner had my traveling companions stepped upon the platform, than I noticed they were surrounded by half a dozen servants—men and maids—the men in full livery. It turned out to be Sir John and Lady H——. This gentleman, I learned was one of the largest land proprietors in Berkshire, and his lady the daughter of a nobleman, a peeress in her own right; but her title added nothing to her; she was a noble woman without it.

The ladies who took part in the liquor riot at Baraboo, have had their examination, and were discharged, on the ground that no crime had been committed.

GIGGLERS.

Never smile, unless those who are with you comprehend the subject of your mirth. There are some families who render themselves exceedingly disagreeable by the habit of continually looking at each other and smiling at some little awkwardness or mishap they may fancy they see. Such are always detested and have few friends. Those who visit them despise their meanness, and are constantly in dread of their ridicule.

"I never like to go to Mrs. M——'s," said a lady.

"And why?"

"Because you can hardly speak a word before you see indications of mirth. Perhaps they notice a pimple on your face—a wry disposition of bonnet ribbon, an unintentional tuck in your dress—everything sets them 'snickering.'

Such people go to church, sometimes, and in that sacred place indulge the propensity. If a child happens to cry, they giggle. If the minister unfortunately substitute an inelegant word, they hide their faces under their scented cambrics, and titter. If an old, poorly dressed, tottering woman comes creeping up the aisle, with shawl and bonnet of antedeluvian make, with head shaking with age, and limbs bending beneath their weight, they touch each other on their 'patent' toes, and then shrug their shoulders, laughing as if they had done a very pretty thing.

Shame on such social misdemeanors! Match these simpering simpletons with coats, hats, collars and canes, with mustached creatures in them called men, what a race of fools would be the consequence! The world is degenerate enough, Heaven knows, without the aid of these simpering gigglers; but you meet them everywhere. On the crowded thoroughfare, in the crowded omnibus, where, perhaps, some poor daughter of Erin, with her healthy, honest, broad face, affords them food for mirth; in the steam car, passing their insipid judgment upon one who swings a cane not *a la mode*.

It is easy to see that they think themselves irresistible—well is it for their vanity that they have a good opinion of their merits, for nobody else has.—*Olive Branch*.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—Letters containing money for THE LILY have been received from the following persons since our last number was issued:

Jane E. Walton, H. L. Osborne, D. C. McNeil, Harriet M. Hoag, C. K. Adams, Betsey A. Tripp, C. G. Mills, Thomas Gregg, Laura P. Rice, Laura Newberry, Susan Ormsby, Lydia C. Smith, Emret Bell, Selina D. Way, E. M. Griffing, Phoebe S. DeGarmo, S. Schemerhorn, S. Augusta Bowe, M. A. Armstrong, Emily Drake, Mrs. J. M. Shaver, Benj. C. Gardiner, Arthur Swindle, Alvin Smith, Dr. A. Clark, Mary A. Hart.

CONVENTION IN PHILADELPHIA.

In accordance with a vote passed at the adjournment of the WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION held in Cleveland, Ohio, in October 1853—the fifth Annual National Convention will be held in Philadelphia, commencing on the 18th of October, and continuing through the two succeeding days.

The subjects which will come under discussion in this Convention, as in the preceding ones, will be the EQUAL RIGHTS OF WOMAN, to all the advantages of Education, Literary, Scientific, and Artistic; to full equality in all business avocations and industrial pursuits, commercial and professional; briefly all the rights which may pertain to her as a citizen, religious, civil and political.

The wide range of subjects for discussion can scarcely fail of awakening the attention of all classes to our aims and objects; hence we invite all persons, irrespective of sex, to take part in the deliberations of the Convention, and thus contribute to the progress of truth and the redemption of humanity.

Signed on behalf of the Central Committee:

PAULINA W. DAVIS, President.

ANTOINETTE L. BROWN, Secretary.

Editors of exchanges are requested to copy this notice, and to call attention to it.

